- d. 780/110

FRONTISPIECE.

Here lads and lasses all repair,
And gather of this fruit so fair;
And those who gather most will find
'Twill make them wise and feed the mind,
Keep them from the birch behind.

Mirth without [illegible]

CONTAINING

The Twelve Days of [illegible]

The Play of the Gaping-[illegible]

Wadling-Frog;

Love and Hatred;

The Art of Talking with the Fingers;

AND

Nimble Ned's Alphabet and Figures.

BRITISH MUSEUM

School you muſt ſtudy your book for to
learn,
But when the ſchool's over let mirth have
a turn.

LONDON:
Printed by J. Davenport, Cowgate Court,
For C. SHEPPARD, No. 1, [illegible]
Street, Cheapside.
[PRICE—THREE PENCE.]

INTRODUCTION.

HERE's mirth without miſchief,
And fun without fear;
Here's paſtime enough for
To laſt the whole year.
Here's the wadling frog, with
His mouth gaping wide;
And talking with fingers, when
Tongues ſhould be tied;
The twelve days of Chriſtmas,
Sung at King Pepin's ball;
With Nimble Ned's Alphabet,
Figures and all.
The price is but three-pence,
You can't ſay it's dear,
When I tell you 'twill find you
In fun for a year.

THE

TWELVE DAYS

OF

CHRISTMAS.

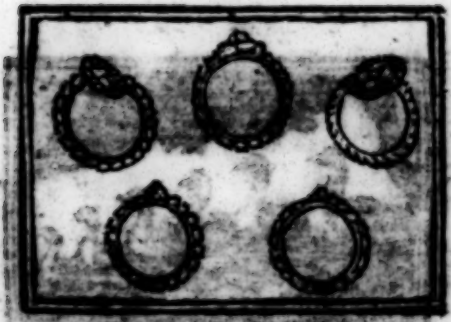
Sung at King Pepin's Ball.

THE first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The ſecond day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The third day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.



The fifth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The fixth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The ſeventh day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Seven ſwams a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The eighth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Eight maids a milking,
Seven ſwans a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colley birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The ninth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven ſwans a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colley birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The tenth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven ſwans a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtl doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The eleventh day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven ſwans a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colley birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The twelfth day of Chriſtmas,
My true love ſent to me
Twelve lords a leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven ſwans a ſwimming,
Six geeſe a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colley birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

THE

DELIGHTFUL PLAY

OF THE

Gaping Wide-Mouthed Wadling Frog.

To amuse good Children and Excercise their Memory.

Directions for Playing at the Game.

BEFORE you begin to play I think it necessary to give you some directions in what to proceed. O we know well enough how to play, I think I hear Simon Cunningham say, let us begin.

You may know Master Cunningham, but every one does not, and it is but fair that all should know as well as you, tho' I am afraid you will make as many forfeits as any. I say so because you did not know how to eat a plumb cake till you was shewn, but began by eating the sugar

from the top, then picked out the plumbs, and gave the remainder to the dog; and another inſtance of your ſagacity was cutting your mamma's parlour bellows open, to ſee where all the wind was kept.

And now gentlefolks, with your leave, I ſhall proceed with my directions, and I hereby enjoin and command all and every perſon or perſons

Sitting, ſtanding, or walking,
Silent, ſinging, or talking,
Laughing, crying, or ſobbing,
Sleeping, waking, or nodding,

who ſhall or may play at this game, to obſerve the following, which like the laws of the Medes and Perſians changeth not.

First the company being seated, they are to choose a treasurer, who is likewise to play, and whose duty it is to fine every person (himself not excepted) who shall transgress in any of the directions here laid down, which fines or forfeits shall be deposited in the treasury, from whence, after the game is finished, they shall be drawn forth one by one by the treasurer, and the owners of them subjected to such punishments as the crier, who is to be blindfolded, shall think proper to inflict. The treasurer then begins with his command to the next. Take this? the second person asks, what's this? The first answers, a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog. Whether it be a top, or a pincushion, or any thing else, it matters not, the name the first player gives it, is the name it must be received by the rest. Then the second person gives it to the third, saying the same, and so through the company, always passing it from right to left, till it has gone round, when the first person taking it, passes it round again, saying take this. What's this? Two puddings ends that will choak a dog, with a

gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog, and ſo on till the game be finiſhed; every one who makes a blunder is to be fined. When the whole is gone trough, the crier is to be blindfolded, and laying his or her head in the treaſurer's lap, the treaſurer ſhall draw out the forfeits one by one, ſaying aloud, what ſhall he (or ſhe) do who owns this? To which the crier anſwers, ſo and ſo; that is ſuch puniſhment as he chuſes to inflict. As to blacking of faces, climbing about the room, or even kiſſing through gridirons, are quite out of faſhion, and I hope they will remain ſo.

Command. Take this.
Queſtion. What's this?

Anſwer. A gaping, wide-mouthed, wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answer. Two pudding ends that will choak a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answ. Three monkies tied to a clog!
Two pudding's ends that will choak a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answer. Four mares stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding's ends that will choak a dog;
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, wadeling frog.

Command. Take this.
Queſtion. What's this?

Anſw. Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfaſt call;
Four mares ſtuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding ends that will choak a dog;
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Command. Take this.
Queſtion. What's this?

Anſ. Six beetles againſt the wall,
Cloſe by an old woman's apple ſtall,
Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfaſt call;
Four mares ſtuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding ends that would choak a dog,
With a gaping wide-mouth'd wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answer. Seven lobsters in a dish,
As good as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies by our pitch ball,
That daily for their breakfast call;
Four mares stuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding ends that will choak
a dog;
With a gaping wide-mouth'd wadling
frog.

Command. Take this.

Queſtion. What's this?

Anſw. Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobſters in a diſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh;
Six beetles againſt the wall,
Cloſe by an old woman's apple ſtall;
Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfaſts call;
Four mares ſtuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding's ends that will choak a dog;
With a gaping wide-mouthed wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answer. Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
I don't know, nor I don't care;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As good as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfast call;
Four mares stuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;

Two pudding's ends that will choak a dog;
With a gaping wide-mouthed wadling frog.

Command. Take this.
Question. What's this?

Answer. Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
I don't know, nor I don't care;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As good as any heart could wish;

Six beetles againſt a wall,
Cloſe by an old woman's apple-ſtall;
Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfaſt call,
Four mares ſtuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding's ends that will choak a dog,
With a gaping wide-mouthed wadling frog.

Command. Take this.

Queſtion. What's this?

Anſ. Eleven ſhips ſailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and ſome for Spain:
I wiſh them all ſafe home again.

Ten comets in the ſky,
Some low and ſome high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
I don't know, nor I don't care;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobſters in a diſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh;
Six beetles againſt the wall,
Cloſe by an old woman's apple-ſtall;
Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
That daily for their breakfaſt call;
Four mares ſtuck in a bog;
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding's ends that will cnoak
a dog;
With a gaping wide-mouthed wadling
frog.

Command. Take this.
Queſtion. What's this?

Anſ. Twelve huntſmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds,
Eleven ſhips ſailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and ſome for Spain,
I wiſh them all ſafe back again;
Ten comets in the ſky,
Some low and ſome high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
I don't know, nor I don't care;
Eight joiner's in joiner's hall,
Working with their tools and all;

even lobsters in a dish,
as good as any heart could wish;
six beetles against a wall,
close by an old woman's apple stall;
five puppies by our bitch Ball,
that daily for their breakfast call;
our mares stuck in a bog,
three monkies tied to a clog;
two pudding ends that will choak a dog;
With a gaping wide-mouth'd wadling frog.

Here you see them crying the forfeits at the end of the game.

Love and Hatred.

THIS game is played by any number of perſons, the forfeits to be diſpoſed of in the ſame manner as in the Wadling Frog. Take notice, every perſon is to give a reaſon for their love and hatred, the name of a town, a ſign, and ſomething to eat and drink, with the name of the perſon loved; all of which muſt begin with the ſame letter, otherwiſe they muſt be fined.

I ſhall give you a ſpecimen of the game as it was played by ſix young Gentlemen and Ladies. *Maſter Edwards* began thus. I love my love with an A, becauſe ſhe's amiable, I hate her becauſe ſhe's artful; I'll take her to Acton to the ſign of the angler, and treat her with anchovy and ale; her name's Ann.

Miſs Burton—I love m, love with a B

because he's brave; I hate him because he blunders; I'll take him to Bath to the sign of the bull-baiting, and treat

him with buns and beer; his name's Ben.

Master Cox—I love my love with a C, because she's comely; I hate her because she's cross; I'll take her to Coventry to the sign of the King—

Master Adams.—As I am treasurer, I must fine you, Master Cox; you should not have taken your love to the King, for that begins with K; you might have taken her to the crown, or even to the coblers, for both begin with C, and would have saved your forfeit, which now you must pay.

Master Cox.—Very well, here's a ball. Now I'll go on, I'll take her to the sign

of the coblers, and treat her with cakes

and cl[illegible]

Miss Davis.—I love my love with a D, because he's diligent; I hate him because he's a dunce; I'll take him to Dover to the sign of the Dragoon, and treat him with

duck and ditch water; his name's Daniel.

Master Adams.—You might have treated him with Dorchester ale; but ditch water begins with D, and every person is to do as they please with their love so as they keep the right letter.

Maſter Edward. I love my love with an E, becauſe ſhe's elegant; I hate her becauſe ſhe's extravagant; I'll take her to Exeter to the ſign of the elephant, and

treat her with eeles and elder wine; her name is Elizabeth.

Miſs Fox.—I love my love with an F, becauſe he's free; I hate him becauſe he's fopiſh; I'll take him to Frome, to the

ſign of the fox, and treat him with fiſh and flip; his name's Francis.

Now every one having loved their love once, Maiter Adams went on again—I love my love with a G, becauſe ſhe's generous; I hate her becauſe ſhe's gay; I'll take her to Glouceſter, to the ſign of the gunner, and treat her with goole and [illegible]; her name's Grace.

Miſs Burton.—I love my love with an H, becauſe he's honeſt; I hate him becauſe he's homely; I'll take him to Huſt to the ſign of the huntſman, and treat him

with hare and hock; his name's Henry.

Master Cox.—I love my love with an I, because she's industrious; I hate her be-

cause she's ignorant; I'll take her to Inverness to the sign of the Indian, and treat her with ice cream and ivy tea; her name's Isabel.

Miss Davis.—I love my love with a J, because he's just; I hate him because he's jealous; I'll take him to Jersey to the sign of the justice, and treat him with juged

hare and juniper juice; his name's Joseph.

Master Edwards.—I love [illegible] with a K, because she's kind; I [illegible] because she won't knit; I'll take her to Kendal, to the sign of the king, and treat

her with kid and kale broth; her name's Katharine.

Miss Cox.—I love my love with a L, because he's lusty; I hate him because he's lazy; I'll take him to Lynn, to the sign of the Lion, and treat him with lobster and lemonade; his name's Luke.

Master Adams.—I love my love with an M, because she's modest; I hate her because she's popish; I'll take her to Manchester to the sign of the mermaid, and

treat her with mutton and madiera; her name's Mary.

Miss Burton.—I love my love with an N, because he's notable; I hate him because he's noisy; I'll take him to Norwich to the sign of the nine pins, and treat him

with nuts and nectar; his name's Nathan.

Master Cox.—I love my love with an O, because she's obliging; I hate her because she's obstinate; I'll take her to Oxford, to the sign of the ostrich, and treat her

with oysters and orange water; her name's Olivia.

Miss Davis.—I love my love with a P, because he's pretty; I hate him because he's pert; I'll take him to Plymouth, to the sign of the piper, and treat him with pig and punch; his name's Peter.

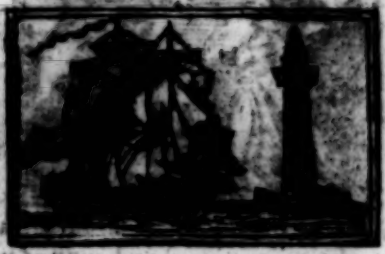
Maſter Edwards.—I love my love with a Q, becauſe ſhe's quick; I hate her, becauſe ſhe's quarrelſome; I'll take her to Queenborough to the ſign of the queen,

and treat her with quails and quince wine; her name's Quilla.

Miſs Fox.—I love my love with an R, becauſe he's rich; I hate him becauſe he's rude; I'll take him to Richmond to the ſign of Robin Hood, and treat him with

rabits and red wine; his name's Richard.

Maſter Adams.--I love my love with an S, becauſe ſhe's ſincere; I hate her becauſe ſhe's ſlutiſh; I'll take her to Sheerneſs to the ſign of the ſhip, and treat her with



ſalmon and ſherry; her name's Sarah.

Miſs Burton.—I love my love with a T, becauſe he's tall; I hate him becauſe he's talkative; I'll take him to Truro to the ſign of the tun, and treat him with turbot and tea; his name's Thomas.

Master Cox.—I love my love with a U, because she's useful; I hate her because she's unmannerly; I'll take her to Upton

to the sign of the unicorn, and treat her with umble pie and usquebaugh; her name's Ursula.

Miss Davis.—I love my love with a V, because he's virtuous; I hate him because he's vain; I'll take him to Verulam to the sign of the vulture, and treat him with

venison and vinegar; his name's Valentine

Maſter Edwards.—I love my love with a W, becauſe ſhe's wiſe; I hate her becauſe ſhe's wanton; I'll take her to Windſor to the ſign of the windmil, and treat

her with woodcock and wine; her name's Winifred.

Miſs Fox.—Mr. Treaſurer, I beg an indulgence, which I believe is always allowed thoſe who happen to have the letter X fall to their turn.

Treaſurer.—As we have not Engliſh words that begin with X, though we have many whoſe two firſt letters only ſound X, therefore the rule of this game is that you have liberty to omit the firſt letter, and even then I believe it cannot be done compleat. However nobody

ſhould be fined for impoſſibilities, and as I don't know any body more likely to do it than Miſs Fox, we will be all attentive while ſhe makes the attempt. The young Lady bowed her head and began.

Miſs Fox.—I love my love with an X, becauſe he has xperience; I hate him becauſe he is xtravagant; I'll take him Xeter, to the ſign of Xerxes, and treat

him with xotics and Xeter ale; his name's Xenophon.

Maſter Cox.—Pray miſs, what's xotics.

Miſs Fox.—The produce of any foreign country are exotics, ſuch as oranges, rum and other things.

Treasurer.—Miss Fox has guess'd this it exceeding well, and we are all obliged to her for her ingenuity; now I must try what I can do with Y; I love my love with a Y, because she's young; I have her because she yawns; I'll take her to Yarmouth to the sign of the youth, and

treat her with suet dumplings and yare water; her name's Yarico.

Miss Burton.—Pray, Mr. Treasurer, what am I to do with Z, for I am sure a zany. I can think of no other word that begins with Z.

Treasurer.—I think it is very well it came to you—you are but lately come from Somersetshire, and can mimic the provincial dialect of that county, which

you shall have the liberty to do. Indeed you have a right to claim it, for it is allowed to this letter; only remember to use the Z proper when the word will allow it.

Miss Burton.—Upon that condition I will attempt it, for there's plenty of Z's in Zummersetshire: well then, I love my love with a Z, because he's zealous; I hate him because he's a zany; I'll take

him to Zalsbury to zine of the zailor, and treat him with zugar zops and zyder; his name's Zachariah.

The Art of Talking with the Fingers;

OR, A

Language for the Deaf and Dumb.

AS to the origin of this art, whether antient or modern, I cannot say. The Egyptians had an idol, such as is in the picture above, with the fingers to the mouth to command the silence of their worshippers; and in modern times laying the finger by

the side of the nose, signifies caution and secresy; the fore-finger is used for a director to point the way, and was called by the Romans, index. Thus at all times certain motions of the fingers have been used either instead of words, or to help the understanding of them; however, those motions were very confined, and little could be done without the use of the tongue: but now the letters by the fingers are as well understood (by those who practise them) as those of the horn-book, and when little folks happen to be in company with their elders they may hold their tongues, and yet keep talking all the while, if they will but take the pains to learn this language, and which they will soon accomplish if they set about it with a good will.

I knew a man who had entirely lost his hearing, he once went a considerable distance to try if he could hear the report of a cannon, which though

it ſhook him violently he could not hear, yet his wife, by the help of her fingers, would read him many a lecture, till he bethought him of ſhutting his eyes, and then he was ſecure from ſcolding by any means: but if ſcolding was the only uſe that could be made of this art, I think it would not be worth learning.

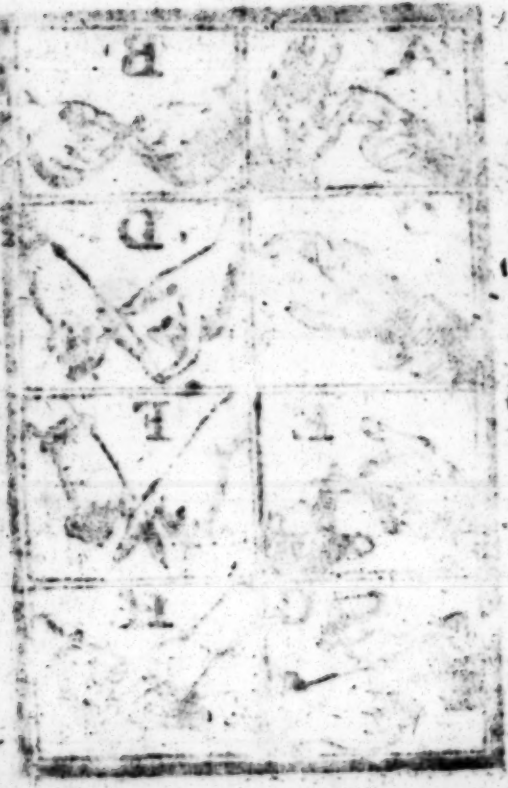
Miſs Jones and Miſs Thompſon lived nearly oppoſite each other in Cheapſide, and, notwithſtanding the rattling of the carriages, uſed to converſe together from their reſpective houſes.

[illegible] the manner the fingers are [illegible] to learn each letter. The thumb and four fingers are the five vowels; the second finger A, the fore finger E, the middle finger I, the fourth or ring finger O, and the little finger U; then by putting the fore finger of the right hand to the thumb of the left, you spell A, and so of the rest: to divide the words when you have spelt one word you give your fingers a snap, or fillip, put your hands back to back.

This instruction I think will be sufficient, and if you are attentive to the pictures you will very soon learn to talk, which you will find not only entertaining but useful, as it will improve you in spelling very much.

So now begin to finger well your part,
And you'll soon learn the alphabet by heart;
That done take care to spell your words aright,
And it will yield you pleasure and delight.

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H


A
d.
T
H

I
K
L
M
N
O
P
Q

L
O
I
M
I
K

R
S
T
U
W
X

B

NIMBLE NED's ALPHABET.

A.

Ned's comical way
To make a great A.

B.

In the next place you see
He's turn'd into a B.

C.

And changing from B,
He forms a good C.

D.

With his hands to his toes
He makes D I suppose.

B.

E is on his bum-fiddle;
With his glass in the middle

F.

With his bottle and tail
He's an F without fail.

G.

Bent back as you ſee,
He's in form of a G.

H.

With Miſs hand in hand,
Like H they both ſtand.

I

On his head he can try
To ſtand like an I.

K.

He [illegible]
With his [illegible]

G.

Bent back as you see,
He's in form of a G.

H.

With Miss hand in hand,
Like H they both stand.

I

On his head he can try
To ſtand like an I.

K.

He [illegible]
With his [illegible]

L.

He ſits down very well
In the ſhape of an L.

M.

With cap, boots, and taſſel,
He's an M every morſel,

N.

Ned, with ſpurs, cap, and feather,
Makes an N altogether.

O.

With his hand to his toes
He forms a round O.

P.

See the comical chap
Forms a P with his cap.

Q.

Nimble Ned you may view
In the form of a Q.

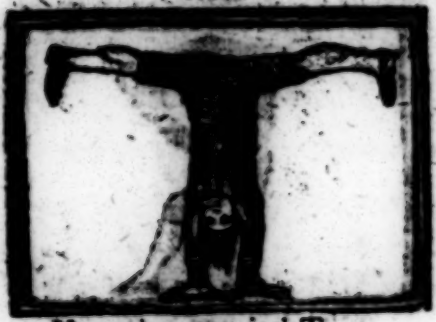
R.

Will you drink any beer
With R for rogue here.

S.

Says Ned, now I guess,
I'm in ſhape of an S.

T.



He makes a capital T
In this posture you see.

V.

From his head to his heels
A V he reveals.

W.

Nimble Ned and fifter Sue
Contrive to make a W.

X.

At weigh butter weigh cheese
They make X at their eafe,

Y.

To make Y he has tried
Boot leg the thick side.

Z

There needs no witch or wizard.
To tell he makes Z.

NIMBLE NED's FIGURES.

1.

The letters being done,
Ned's a figure of 1.

While thus kneeling to you.
He's in form of a 2.

3.

He's a 3 here you find,
With legs kicked up behind.

4.

He'd bow down to the floor
But he'd make a good 4.

5.

Very hard does he ſtrive
To turn into a five.

6.

Here Ned's nimble tricks
Turns him into a 6.

7.

With my glaſs in my hand
Like a 7 I ſtand.

8.

The exertion is great
To form thus a 8.

As he pours out his wine
He's a figure of mine.

Ned having gone through
Every figure and letter,
He thinks there are none
That can do it much better;
However, all you that
Are supple may try,
If successful, you've no need
This book for to buy.
To those who can do it
They're given away,
Only Threepence for binding
Is all you need pay.

22 JY63

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